OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

"Thou Art the Helper of the Fatherless."—Psalm 10:14.

Volume 16. Barium Springs, N. C., Thursday, June 23, 1910. Number 13.

OUR SYNODICAL ORPHANS HOME.

PART II.

When the fire in 1891 destroyed the only shelter we had for our fatherless ones, this great calamity seemed to touch with electric power the heart of the whole church, and speedily purse strings were unlossed and money began to take the shape of buildings that should be a great improvement upon the old home.

In rebuilding the board of Regents decided to adopt the Cottage plan, and the first building erected was the "Annie Louise Cottage" which was the munificient gift of Mr. Geo. W. Watts of Durham and named in honor of his only child. Nor did the generosity of Mr. Watts end here: for in 1894 (only a little later on) he built and equipped our infirmary with the exception of one ward, that was built and furnished by Mr. H. H. Orr of Charlotte, and named in honor of his son the "Lewis Orr ward."

About the time of the building of "Annie Louise" another building was begun and finished and as it was paid for by the contributions from the whole Presbyterian church in the State it very properly bears the name of "Synod's Cottage."

Thus with two buildings (the Synod's Cottage for boys and the Annie Louise Cottage for girls) good Dr. Boyd gathered his little flock once more under their own vine and fig tree and Barium Springs home took on new life and growth. From the very first it became evident that more room would be required; for applications came pouring in from all over the state.

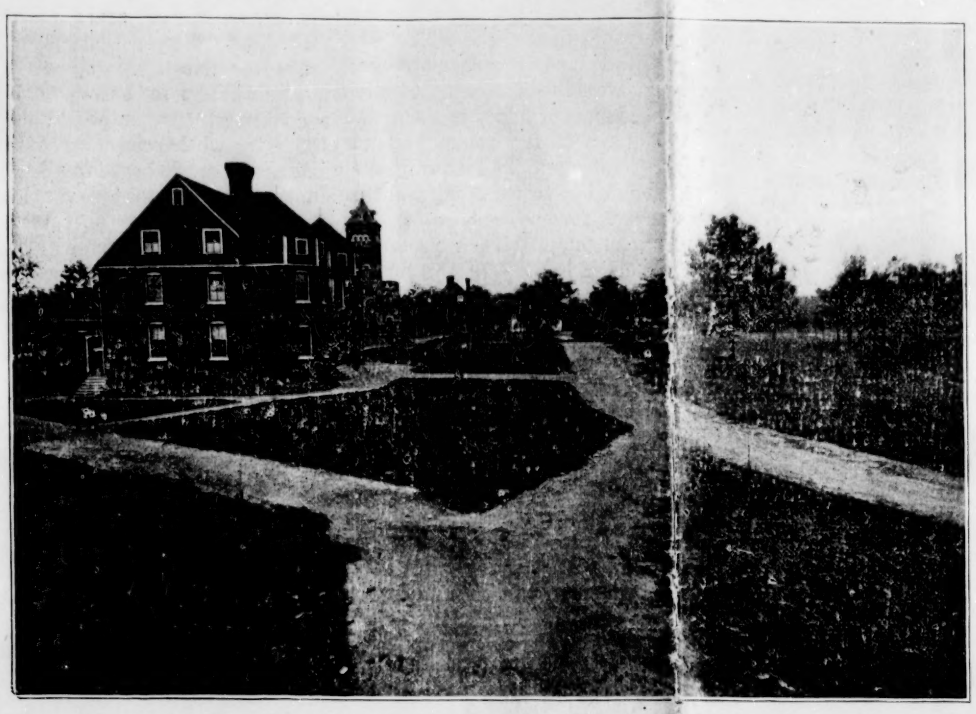
So urgent were some of the petitions that fifteen little girls were lodged in the Infirmary as a temporary makeshift, so that this building for a time was diverted from its properly intended use.

The next building that arose (and just upon the site too, where we had lost by fire our old building) was Rumple Hall. Brick by brick it grew, and as the months passed how eagerly the children and older people too, watched those walls grow, and when completed oh what a beautiful sight it presented, with its graceful tower standing out against the blue sky and how many hearts went up in thankful praise for such abuilding that should give us dining hall, chapel, and dormitories for more orphans. The Regents came to receive and dedicate the building and then came the question "what shall we name this building?" Like an inspiration it came to Rev. Dr. G. H. Hill to say "Let us call it Rumple Hall." There was no need of a better name for our then President, the Rev. Dr. Jethro Rumple, who had been with us at the birth of the Institution, and had been a staunch friend of the Barium Springs Orphanage through all the dark days of its struggling life has given name to our stateliest building as it stands a memorial to his unceasing love and devotion; a delight to the eye of the passer by, and a watchtower over our now beautiful campus.

[To be Continued.]

The football game of life proceeds in two halves; the first is waged on the plane of Preception, the second on the field of Power. Those who fail usually omit the first half.—The Center Monthly.

Our greatest need is to need nothing.—The Center Monthly.



SYNOD'S COTTAGE

HOW TO SUCCEED.

We are children not of men but of Destiny.

Hence, real failure is imposible.

Every living thing was born to be great, each in its own way. And to achieve greatness can be nothing more than to express what is from the beginning.

The marvel of human life is not the greatness of the few, but the blindness of the many. Whoever sees the truth about himself and lives it, must be great. He cannot escape if he would. To the man in full possession of himself, even genius appears commonplace. Because even genius is uncontrolled.

We are great.

This consciousness, grounded in the depths of our being, is the rock of truth on which any earth-success must be established. Pity the man who ridicules youth's "dream of greatness." The gigantic figures of history have all molded a dream out of star-dust, then taken their stand upon it, and challenged the word to a battle of the spiritual musketry. Planets are are insignificent before the onset of the man whose dream has become determination.

Of every great man this one thing can be said; He is himself. No matter what the self is, to be it is to succeed. James J. Hill has the tawny look of a lion. And he has grown to be commercial king of the plains.

J. Pierpont Morgan wears the mien of a thundercloud. And when he wills, he sweeps the field of finance clean with a stormlike precision.

Algernon Charles Swinburne resembled a bird, in temperament ,in heft, in outlook. Housed, loved and cared for in the dwelling of his friend, he sang and sang his life away.

What these men felt, they have been. What they saw, they have done. What they wanted, they have lived for, worked for, waited for, dared hope for. You, or I, or anybody, will succeed by grasping the law under which all men succeed. Wherein we fail, we have simply broken the law.

Success is the power of using one's self as Nature intended. Success is not a definite object to be gained or point to be reached; those who look upon success in this way never succeed. The measure of success is expansion of individuality. If to-day we can do or be or understand more than we could yesterday, we are succeeding. But the rewards, such as money, friendship, or fame, are purely incidental. And that is why we can never judge that of a man's happiness by his apparent success. Only he is permanently happy who is consciously growing stronger, day by day. And whether he lives in a hut or a palace matters little. If Carnegie had not become a millionaire, he would have sinned against himself. But Emerson would have sinned if he had become one. Human power flows ethrough many channels; to succeed is merely to find and use the one that belongs to us.

Success is fundamental to Happiness. To be thoroughly happy we must have, or have the power to have, many things, In these latter days of metaphysical mummery, you per-chance have been led to supose that Happiness resides in a rose-water expression, alabaster attitude, and general feeling of no-account-ness. Believe it not. The first ingredient of Happiness is grit, simon pure grit. And the man who has never been forced into battle is hiding like a coward in a borrowed dream of bliss.

We are part animal, part human, part god. Corresponding to these three natures in one, the temple of Happiness has three portal: those of Wanting, Getting, and Forgetting. The first is the door of the animal, the second that of the human, the third that of the god. The outer court is evolution, the inner court is adaptation, the shrine is transmutation. We cannot reach the devine state except by wanting something violently, getting it by conquest, then using it for a higher purpose than we first had. In short, Desire is forerunner of Deity. And the Oriental preachment of slaying Desire, is equivalent to shutting God out. Being good by being indolent is like running an electric road by stopping the current at the switch.

A concrete example.

Jay Gould had the elemental in him, large. His faculty of grasping was predominant. Following this instinct, he got what he wanted—all except happiness. He succeeded, and was miserable. His daughter, Helen Gould, began where he left off. She finds happiness in giving away the riches that the man piled up.

Here is an idea for all men: If you would be really happy, cultivate the mother in you. It is the selfish, brutish, clumsy, blind, and coarse man-pride that crushes the flowerlike things which if allowed to grow would bloom into Happiness. No man is complete until he pities himself for being a man.

It is as natural for a human life to succeed as it is for the lark to sing, the rose to bloom, or the bee to make honey. The vast number of human failures, partial or total, may serve to prove the distortion, repression and artificiality of what we call civilization. The great successes of the world are the souls who would not let themselves be interfered with. The first move toward achievement is to become self-centered.

Clip the wings of the lark, and the song dies; chill the heart of the rose, and the bloom withers; threaten, deny, and discourage the unfolding child, and another half-man staggers into the ranks of the millions of half men blindly, sullenly, fighting for bread. To succeed is, primarily, to be educated from within, out.

Failure, contrary to the general opinion, is not mere lack of success. Failure is a disease, like rheumatism or smallpox. And the first help toward cure is elimination. Unwholesome food iu the body is the principal source of disease; unwholesome thought in the mind is the principal source of failure. Every man who falls short of his own desire has a wrong idea somewhere in the back of his head. This wrong idea paralyzes effort, vitiates hope, renders the sufferer inactive, morose, pessimistic. Find what it is, get it out, put a healthy one in its place; that is the way to succeed.

Whoever fails is a monomaniac, victim of a fixed habit or idea. Both ill and insane, he must he overhauled and reorganized by means of hygiene, psychology, and religion. Study the chronic failures that line the street corner or frequent the parlor sofa, and you will observe one or more of the following delusions uppermost. Or if not these, others no less fatal.

A spirit of rebellion. This prevails in those who imagine success due to extra gifts. Others have a better chance, a finer education, a larger talent, a luckier fate; therefore they succeed. Emphatically not; chance fate, good or bad luck, accident, fortune, or misfortune, are myths invented by the weak and cowardly to hide their own shortcomings. Napoleon, Lincoln, most of the world's great spirits, made capital out of hardship and opportunity from limitation. Success, primarily, is a valiant refusal to be downed. We need a lot of healthy discouragements to put our fighting blood in condition. Rebel? Yes, at our inefficiency. The only righteous anger is that provoked by our own weakness.

A habit of fault-finding. The way to cure unpleasant things is to ignore them. Yet there are men to whom the universe lapses into chaos for a day because their eggs were sorambled wrong for breakfast; and there are women who see the sun awry when a ridiculous tirly-wirly on a newly made gown slides out of plumb by the fraction of an inch. A mind absorbed in trifles cannot even understand the cosmic force which enlivens those that achieve. Nothing matters, utterly and everlastingly. Get that fixed-then big things will commence to happen.

A feeling of self-complacency. They say that "all is good." Ultimately, yes. But if you perceive the finer meanings of life, you will be torn with a huge discontent and forced to break through the sodden crust of misunderstanding that keeps the souls of men apart. Ages of effort, infinities of power, could not make of this world what it should be. And for any man to be satisfied with what he has done, or had, or been, is for an ant to boast of a hillock of sand in the shadow of the Himalayas

A tendency to impatience. The earnest and ambitious are as overanxious as their sluggish brethren are indifferent. But consider how the masters of the world toil and plan and wait for their object of endavor. Hill Ryan, Harriman, did comparatively nothing till past the meridian of life. Emerson, Whitman, George Eliot, were older than the average before they even commenced to write. The airship authorities of Dayton, Ohio, spent their youth in obscurity, ridicule, and thankless labor; now, world-fame overtakes the Wright Brothers in the space of a few weeks. The one sure way to win is to hang on a little longer.

A confusion of desires. Do you know just what you want most? If you don't, you aren't living; you are merely vegetating. In every life there is, originally, one supreme desire. Uncover it, focus on it, make it your duty, joy, and a consuming purpose that justifies and glorifies creation. Would you melt away the doubts and cares and worries of [illegible] existence? Then dare to burn with fervor until the veils of compromise part and fall to earth.

A dread of solitude, Isolation is the birthplace of great ideas. And great ideas, grown, become great achievements. I think the most clossal picture of history is that of Naqoleon guarding his lonely watch-fire while the world slept, and in his mind sweeping opposition off the globe. The world never wakes until the man who has been aloof returns with his vision. Be much alone, think to yourself, look far ahead, partake of the Infinite, and grasp human destiny in the hollow of your hand.

To the cells of the brain, erroneous thought is actual, virulent poison. It destroys or impairs nerve tissue with unfailing pottency. In addition to the foregoing pathological ideas or habits we may note the following: Envy, anger, idleness, irregularity, overseriousness, flippancy, dependency, self-indulgence, pride, egotism, fatalism, fear of public opinion, ancestor worship, imitativeness, greed, hate, a mixed motive. These all invalidate success, which is but a normal, healthy state of mind in action.

To cure the ills of the body, we administer a large increase of pure air, food, and water.

To cure failure, a disease of the mind, we suggest the following wholesome, invigorating thoughts:

1. Get a reason for living. Most people have lost theirs. And with the reason, vanished the joy. Vision some one thing you are going to do or be; then hold to that purpose though the skies fall. A fixed aim is the backbone of spirituality, without it the moral nature collapses.

2. Study the lives of the great. Not because they lived, but because they are living. Men make history, history unmakes men. Read biography—not history. Note the insurmoun-

[Continued on page 4]

OUR INFIRMARY

OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

WM. LAURIE HILL, Editor.

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PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANS' HOME.

REV. W. T. WALKER, Supt. and Treas.

Barium Springs, - - North Carolina.

An Institution of the Presbyterian Synod of North Carolina for the Care of Orphan Children.

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Thursday, June 23, 1910.

GOOD ROADS.

There is no movement that is doing more to develop the resources of our commonwealth today than "the good roads movement.

Ah well we remember the day when it was a dreadful proposition to strike a long red lane, knee deep in a loblolly of red mud sloppy in some places, stiff in others so that as your beast struggled along, you could hear his feet going, pop! pop! as he laboriously hammered them into this mortar bed. It was thought good work in those days to make a journey of thirty to thirty-five miles over such roads in day and, leaving out the discomfort to the traveler, the wear and tear upon vehicle harness and horse. Think also of the old stage coaching days! when a nine passenger coach all full inside and out, toiled along at an average of four miles an hour for weary hours wearing out your body, and leaving you at night fall, so weary that the old time feather bed of the country tavern was an earthly paradise.

The social side of stage coach traveling was some compensation for many discomforts, and often in a long journey from North Carolina to New York friendships would be formed that would last for a life time.

The coming of the steam railroad has obliterated the stage coach. The trolly is fast demanding more than an even place with steam and the interurban lines that are being built all over the country will soon give us hourly communication between places, where here-tofore, we have had only one or two trains a day.

Then came the auto and if a man wishes to find out to what extent the auto is even now anihilating space let him pick up a modern magazines and count the number of factories that are advertising their vehicles (all are the best made?) and he will see that auto's are destined to become in the future quite as common as the old swing coach used to be in our boyhood days.

For the proper use of the automobile good roads are demanded and good roads are being built; the more the better. The Roman Empire carried good roads, where ever their conquering legion went, and many of their roads exist to-day.

Let us show our progressiveness as a nation by building our roads so good that an automobila tour from Boston to New Orleans or Galveston will be a delightful recreation.

THE COW PEA.

We are not surprised that C. R. Hndson our State agent of "farmers co-operation work" should deem it important to issue a circular in advocacy of the cow pea.

The cow pea is not only good food for man and beast but it is a profitable crop, improves the land and every crop grown leaves the soil in better condition than it found it. We know that while corn is one of our most needful crops, it is an exhauster of vital force in the land. Not so with peas they furnish "from four to six dollars worth of nitrogen to the acre." They absorb and retain moisture; their roots furnish a vast supply of vegetable humus that goes to make the next crop.

Show me a farmer who seeds and grows plenty of peas and I will show you fat cattle, a good pen of hogs, prosperous hay stacks, an improving farm, and a thrifty farmer.

Make your poor land rich with peas. Seed some for hay, some for the peas you will market or sow again and nothing is better for a poor piece of land than a pea fallow, turned under and limed.

ABOUT BOYS.

PART II.

There are many kinds of Boys, but taking the average, we may divide them into four classes.

1. The positively bad boy.
2. The sometimes bad boy.
3. The indifferently good boy.
4. The consciencious boy.

By a positively bad boy we mean one who is positive in everything. He will lie when it serves his purpose best. He has a very crude idea as to what belongs to other people, and does not hesitate to appropriate to himself anything that is "lying around loose." He is sometimes, indeed generally, overbearing, and is a terror to smaller boys who are within the range of his power. He is sly and cowardly, doing in a sneaking way, things he knows are "positively against the rules." He is sometimes very fair spoken and makes wonderful promises of amendment when he is caught. He is known as "a fellow that never keeps his promises." He is generally a great braggart, and you never know the correctness of any assertion he makes.

We knew just such a boy as this once, and he grew up into one of the most unreliable characters we ever knew. He went to a university, took some distinctions, studied law, and had talent enough to succeed, but his utter unreliability stuck to him. "Like boy, like man," he had no especially good influences over him in his home, for he was a spoilt only son, with an ungodly father, and an indulgent mother, so he "just grow'd" like Topsey, and his life was a lamentable failure. The question arises, how far was that boy responsible for his own failure?

If we narrow things down to their beginnings, we will find, that "he was more sinned against than sinning," although he was personally a great sinner.

Now is there any hope for building up upright and downright character, from the positively bad boy, especially if he seems to be a constitutional Liar?

Unless we undertake to limit the grace of God we must answer yes. We grant you that if his home surroundings remain unchanged, and we do not bring him under the enlightening influence of high pure associations there is little hope. But take that boy away from his evil surroundings, and bring him in close touch with the true, the beautiful, and the good, and as sure as God's grace softens and changes; just so sure will that boy begin to feel the renewing power of a new life. We should never be discouraged, but with patience and gentleness, let the work go on and at first, the boy will become "the sometimes bad boy," which is but the beginning of a change for the better.

A GOOD LANDING.

"He always was a lucky fellow."

"What do you mean?"

"When he fell out of his airship, he plumped straight through the shylight of a hospital."—H. I. H., in Woman's Home companion for may.

Men and Things

It looks as if the masses of these United States are about to go Roosevelt mad, in their welcome to this mighty Nimrod. While we believe that Roosevelt is a more than ordinary man, and has done somethings that will pass him down in history, as even a great man, this is no reason for spending hundreds of thousands of dollars in welcoming him home, and setting him up as a Demi-God. Some folks would spell that Demi-gog.

Mr. Roosevelt should protest against all this tom foolry, he is only a plain Citizen of the United States, if he is an Ex-President, and is just Teddy Roosevelt that's all.

Was King Edward a Catholic? Is the question that seems to be aggitating the churchmen of England. Let us hope that King Edward was truer to the faith of that glorious old Queen mother, Victoria, than to be inveigled into the Catholic Church, when he was about to lay down his septre, and pass into the presence of the King of Kings. Father Vaughan may have been the Kings friend, doubtless was, but we will claim King Edward as a Protesant until we know better.

Bread cast upon the waters comes back. One Mrs. Dolly Grant, who is now known as Mrs. Dolly E. Baker, living in Idaho, but once a resident of Montana, seems to have befriended a poor sick miner in the Montana hills more than twenty years ago. He recovered his health, was successful, and has left this kind friend two and a half millions of dollars. Verily truth is stranger than fiction, and there is more real romance than the novels ever grind out.

The movement on behalf of the North Carolina Press Association, to build an enduring monument to the memory of Bill Nye will be a worthy tribute to a man who became a Tar-heel by adoption, and has by years of residence here, endeared himself to our people.

Let this monument be located at the State Capitol, for Bill Nye belonged to no locality, although "Buck Shoals" was his home.

The city of Charlotte is full of Pythians and cotton mill men. The Pythians are having a grand conclave, and many of them are also Odd Fellows, and you see almost as many three link badges as you do Pythians.

The cotton mill men are level headed business people gathered for the purpose of discussing questions that shall promote the prosperity of their business. The question of the curtailment of mill operation until the present congestion is relieved, is being discussed. We are also glad to see that they are putting themselves on record as opposed to the cotton gambling methods of the cotton exchange. Their first resolution says, "Resolved that this association records its entire approval of the resolutions adopted at the meeting held in May last of "the American Cotton Manufacturers Association," with reference to cotton exchanges, and the abuse there on." Their 3rd. resolution says, "That we deem it essential unless the abuse above referred to be corrected, that the government, restrict the use of the mails and telegraph service in connection with said exchanges and members there of."

This is getting at the root of the matter, this gambling in the great staples of the country, and by this gambling, fixing fictitious values is a shame! and should be stopped. We see too that our North Carolina mill men are alive to the fact that Japan is going to compete with her heavily in the Orient, for the cotton manufacturing trade. Japan has a scale of wages far below ours, their artizans are a frugal people, and they have much skill in the manufacture of machinery. The writer when in business, received an order that came to his concern for machinery to go to the far East. There were two machines ordered and shipped Via England, but no further orders came, those peomanufactured all the additional machines they needed.

In the early future more than now we will meet with Chinese and Japanese goods in Asia and Africa and the remote Islands of the Sea and had as well get ready for close competition. Here to fore no business in the South has paid such profits as cotton mills.

There seems to have been a strange miscarriage of justice in Mecklenburg Court on last Wednesday the 16th. A murder was committed and it was well ascertained who did the killing, and who was particeps criminis. But the jury in the face of a charge from Judge Peli that should have sent both of those men to the pen, were unaminous for acquittal. This dicision on the part of a jury that was perhaps more than an average one tends to cheapen the value of human life and renders trial by jury a very uncertain problem.

JUDGING CHARITABLY.

Human natuae can never be judged by its weakest qualities, even when we are quiet sure that the weakness which stirs our disdain really exists, and is not a phantom of the imagination. A farmer would not report his average crop correctly if he gave a slender yield from one poor acre. Nor would a merchant make a just estimate of his annual percentage of grain if he picked out those periods when trade was dulest. If we have a few rainy days in spring, only a confirmed croaker would describe the whole season as dark and cheerless. There is a side of almost every one that resembles the barren field or the unsuccessful week or storm-swept sky. But we shall not discover the man himself by pickeing him to pieces, and spreading out the least attrective bits for minute analysis. That kind of vivisection is simply barbarity, and reveals no scientific secrets. If we want to know our fellows, we must appreciate the best to which they have attained, and behind that we must some glymse unto the undeveloped best of which they may yet be capable. While the ebb-iide lays bare a ragged margin, unsightly' perhnps, in its tangled disarray, it is the high-water mark that tells the real strength of the sounding sea.—Herridge.

Fertilizers Virginia-Carolina Chemical Co.

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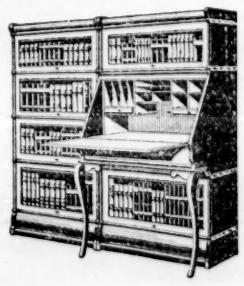

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OUR FATHERLESS ONES

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All supplies sent by freight will be stopped at Barium Springs, if charges are prepaid. If charges are not prepaid, supplies should be sent to Troutman, N. C. To get supplies forwarded without charge, application must be previously made to the general manager of freight through your local agent.

☞Notice of all shipments should be promptly sent to the Superintendent.

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Single Subscription.....$1.00 per year
5 to 10 Subscriptions.....75 cts. per year
10 to 50 or more Subs.....60 cts. per year

☞Send in your clubs.

HOME HAPPENINGS.

Mrs. Bessie McDowell of Asheville has been on a visit to our home and leaves two of her children George and Helen as members of our large family.

Our girls are as much interested in athletics as the boys, and were eager spectators the other night. We would not be surprised if they had a few private athletics of their own every few nights.

Saturday was swimming day and Mr. Henry Cook took a whole lot of our boys over to third creek near Kestlers bridge to "the old swimming hole," for a dip. They had a grand time and how clean they looked when they came back.

Testaments: Katie Blair, Margurite Jordan, Katie Hester, Hattie Hester, Ruby Porter, Ethel Griffith, Edeth Henry, Mary Brawley, Robert Turner, Frank Carriker, Sam Warlick, Gilbert Lucas, Ashley Jackson, Lawrence Abbott, Earl Jackson, David Stanley, Elmus Pope. Bible: Albert Massey.

Last Sunday was a regular June day, hot, and in the afternoon, we had a thunder storm. The morning Sunday school and Service was well attended and the children havebeen so proficient in learning the catechisms, that we have quite a list of those getting Testaments and Bibles and it gave brother Walker great pleasure to give them.

For two nights last week Mr. Henry Cook of Davidson had lots of fun with the boys at Lee's Cottage putting them through a course of athletics. They had lofty tumbling, the elephant walk, the kanagroo dance, double header wheeling, the pyramid and sundry other stunts: and we have some boys who will do good work when we get that gymnasium.

We feel very grateful this morning, for we have just received from our very good friends Lawrence M. Holt & Sons of Burlington, N. C., a whole bale of Ginghams 256 yards. This is most opportune, and will give Miss Ballard and our sewing girls occupation for weeks to come. Wont our little girls and boys look stylish in their new dresses and shirt waists.

Our pear trees are so overburdened with fruit, Farmer Bailey has been going through the orchard with his boys thinning them out well. We don't know any agency that will thin the fruit (ripe or green) in an orchard quicker than a lot of boys. The fallen fruit is supposed to go to the hogs, but sundry visits to the Infirmary of some boys would indicate that the hogs didn't get all.

There is a little glimmer of sunshine and Farmer Bailey is taking advantage of it to start the Reaper. We hear the cheerful click of the machine that gives us promise of future bread, and are glad to say that our wheat field is an object lesson in these parts—people take notice of it as they ride by. We only wish it was nearer the rail road so that Travellers might see what we have.

We fear that many of our Pastors and church members do not realize that in supporting OUR FATHERLESS ONES they are helping in a substantial way, the support fund. Every dollar we take in for subscriptions and advertising goes to feed hungry mouths. Just give us even 3000 subscribers, who will pay regularly, and we will turn in to the support fund every year a goodly sum, besides giving our people information that will keep them in weekly touch with Barium Springs Home.

Our little baby girl, Ivy Ford (just about 3½ years old) is a cute little one, and gets very near to all hearts. She had no doll and "Grandma Cook (as she calls Mrs. Cook) made her one. The other day one of the larger girls said to her, "Ivy your doll is a bad doll, I'm going to whip her." To which she replied, "No! no! you shant whip my dolly, I am going to take the train and carry her to Heaven when vacation comes." "Why Ivy! there is no train to Heaven." "Well there will be one," was her quick reply.

Oh! for the faith of a little child.

The Board of Regents met in Charlotte N. C. at the parlor of the First Presbyterian Church on Thursday 16th June and a quorum being present they proceeded to elect officers for the ensueing year. There were no changes in officers except in the filling of vacancies caused by resignations. Our Superintendent was authorized to use our chorus class in giving concerts whenever it was thought best to do so. The work at Rumple Hall was divided, Miss Janie McLeod of Carthage N. C. being put in charge of the Domitory while Miss Sueanna Carriker (one of our girls) has charge of the dining hall.

We are indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dalton Miller of Statesville, North Carolina, for the following invitation, which we hope to accept. It is well known that Rev. John Oscar Mann is one of our Barium Boys, and it is needless to say that this marriage is one that creates no little interest among our children. May the richest blessings that come to us in life, attend this young couple.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dalton Miller request the pleasure of your company at the marriage reception of their daughter
Mary Euphemia
and the
Reverend John Oscar Mann
on the evening of Tuesday,
twenty-eighth of June
at nine o'clock
at Six hundred and thirty-eight,
Mulberry Street
Statesville, North Carolina

TEN RULES THAT LEAD TO SUCCESS, FOR AN EMPLOYEE.

1. Take as much interest in your emp oyer's business as if it were your own.

2. Do not expect to get all you can and give nothing. Do a little more work than is demanded.

3. Be prompt. Show that you have an interest in your work above a desire for an extra half-hour in bed in the morning. You can't come down a half-hour late every morning and impress your employer with the idea that you are a wide-awake active man or woman with an interest in your work.

4. Do your work well today, and you won't have to do any of it over again tomorrow.

5. Be cheerful and willing. A sullen countenance is not pleasant to look upon by either an employer or customer. Remember your pulling power with a customer is one of your assets. The reverse, will be your loss. Be courteous. Do not thrust your own troubles and inharmony upon those around you. It is a poor investment.

6. Be conscientious. Don't take too much interest in ball games, theaters, parties, etc., or you may find that you have not much time left to give to your work. Don't have a relative die too often. Funerals sometimes grow monotonous to an employer during the baseball season or on matinee afternoons.

7. Do not make the same mistake twice.

8. Do not let your thoughts be always wool-gathering if you expect to earn an increase of salary on pay day.

9. Do not shirk your work and be always thinking of the money side of the proposition. Give good value for the money you receive and you will be sure to succeed.

10. Put yourself in your employer's place and figure out what kind of an employee you would hire to get the most out of your business. Then set yourself to try to be that employee.

There is no short easy road to success, but it is well worth traveling.—Sel.

WINNING AND BRINGING.

A Christian lady was pleading with a poor sinful girl, who had got away from her mother's God, to come to Jesus for pardon and peace. Suddenly the girl turned upon her.

" And have you been to him?" she asked.

"Yes indeed, I have," was the reply.

"And has he given you rest"

"He has. Oh, thank God, he has. He is my Savior and Friend." "Then put your arms about me and try to take me with you to him," murmured the girl. "It world be easier to go with one who has been before."

It was the secret of success. Many will resent an attempt to draw them out of evil courses who will be won by "that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin." Let it be rather, Come thou with us and we will thee good" Another was rescued as she exclaimed, "I don't care what becomes of me!" by a gentle touch on the arm and the loving words of a stranger, who overheard and understood, "But I do."—Selected.

BETTER THAN IS NECESSARY.

A certain business firm has upon its seal the motto, "a little better than is necessary," It is the secret of success in every business of life from the first lesson to the last. Take it in school, for instance; one pupil may prepare his lesson perfectly as far as the limits of the text require; another, studying with broader purpose, does not stop with the limits of the appointed lesson, but seeks everywhere for deeper knowledge of the subject itself; is there any questions which work will rank higher in the end?

A young clerk in a store may be accurate, honest and industrious | and stop there; another clerk may add to these qualifications for his work: a personal interest in his customers which makes him remember their likes and dislikes, and makes his serving them seem almost a matter of personal friendliness. Is there any question which will win the better trade?

A young girl at home may set the table and dust the rooms perfunctorily as a duty to be done faithfully, of course, but dismissed as soon as possible, or she may add a score of dainty touches to her work that will make it a pleasure to herself and a joy to others. "A little better than is necessary"—it makes the difference between being a slave or an artist. For, after all, it is in the spirit that the secret lies: to the high soul the "necessary" is always the very best that it can give.—Forward.

TIGE, A DOG PRINTER.

We have all read about the dogs of Belgium drawing the milk carts about the streets of the cities, and perhaps pitied them for having to work for their living; but I wonder if any one ever knew a dog printer besides Tige? Poor, faithful old Tige!

Tige was a great English mastiff. He was born in England and brought over to a frontier town in northern Canada when a puppy. Here he grew into a fine dog. and finally became quite a character in the place, for when he was three or four years old he was working the press that ran off the local paper! Every Friday, rain or shine, Tige could be found at his post of duty back of the printing office, wearily treading, hour after hour, until the weekly edition was printed.

Sometimes Tige would rebel against his task, and now and then when press day came the poor fellow was missing, and it usually took a long search on the prairie before he could be found and brought back to his duty. But although Tige disliked his work, woe betide the dog who, with prying nose, came round to investigate this piece of property which he considered his very own.

The dog printer was a general favorite. Everyone loved the friendly old fellow, and many were the choice bones and other delicacies that were saved for him by the dozen families who had the honor of being on his visiting list.

One winter's night the business center of the little town was destroyed by fire, and the printing office was burned. Later it was learned that the fire started here through the carelessness of some half-drunken men whose minds were too dull to notice that their lighted cigar stumps had fallen among the papers scattered over the floor.

For several days after the fire Tige wandered in a bewildered sort of way among the ruins of the printing office. He seemed to be searching for something he could not find. Nowhere could a trace of his old treadmill be found. Day by day he renewed the search, and daily grew more dejected. His appetite began to fail, and finally even the choicest bits no longer tempted him to eat, and he lay quietly down and died.

Poor old Tige! He could not live without the old press that had given him his life work, and which had been destroyed through the evil drink habit.—Dumb Animals.

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is built on honor, of the best materials—built scientifically—air-tight joints—no heat escapes—no cold air enters—saves half your fuel bill. Hundreds of thousands in use—every one of them giving complete satisfaction. Is the MAJESTIC isn't the best range made, why are fifteen manufacturers trying to imitate it? You owe it to yourself to know the MAJESTIC Range. Call and see the different styles at
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HOW TO SUCCEED.

[Continued from page one]

table obstacles that great men plowed through—then dismiss your pet sorrow with a long farewell. Best friends are not relatives or acquaintances; rather will they be found in the pages of a book that grips the heart. The lives of the pioneers are the richest heritage provided for human sustenance.

3. Esteem all conditions good. Ultimately they are. And to see just how, we have only to look enough ahead. Attain the vision of Robert Browning, and you must love the world as he loved it.

4. Be positive. Gritting the teeth, compressing the lips, or stamping the foot, is a fine spiritual exercise. If you lack the nerve to strike out from the shoulder, take boxing lessons. One of the current fallacies of the day is the delusion that spinelessness accompanies a high state of unfoldment. God gets things done.

5. Eliminate the nonessentitals. Including pink-teas, gossip-parties, newspapers headlines, fashion promenades, polite conversation, duty correspondence, society calls, summer resortings, four-fork etiquette, senseless bric-a-brac, and heirloom junk. About one thing accomplished out of twenty is useful; bannish the other nineteen.

6. Oxygenize your worries. Most readers of this publication are natural-born thinkers. That means more blood in the brain than ought to go there. Consequence: a dire plight of auto-intoxication which many take for profundity. Play something and get jolly; run around the house a dozen times when night has fallen and respectable folks are nursing the fire; enroll in a gymnasium and learn something worth knowing; dance a jig, or start a pillow-fight, or belabor a a punching bag; make vigorous exercise a habit of second nature, and achievement will come a great deal faster.

7. Develop imagination. The men who forge ahead are those who can see without their eyes. Any notable deed was fully pictured in the mind before it could be given outer shape. A constructive ideality is the ground-plan of material progress. Men like Edison and Rockefeller, summon whole troops of fairies—and put them to work. Fairies are lazy; that is their principal fault.

8. Make improvement your watchword. The top is always reserved for the best. What one does matters, if he does it better than the other fellow. Unhappy conditions are intended to strengthen happifying qualities. And faiiure is impossible while one keeps trying.

9. Cherish one friend. There is nothing so empowering as to be understood. In our hearts, the wisest of us are just little babies, wanting to be mothered, and loved, and praised for being good. If we have some one to share ideals with, we can never be lonely or despairing. It pays to cultivate such a friend.

10. Establish connection with the Overbrooding Spirit. By way of prayer, song, medittaion, sacrifice, mysticism, poetry, or any other avenue to the Larger Life, let the real advance be toward heightened consciousness and broadened sympathies. What we gain is but an answer to what we feel. And to be in quivering touch with the vast Divine Purpose is to move things of the earth with a force overwhelming. A religions devotion to somebody or some thing is the motive power of success. They who fail are but disconnected with their Source. Infinite light, infinite energy infioite joy of living, await every mortal who puts himself in line.—Thd Center Monthly.

The test of knowledge is whether it feeds or starves the imagination.—The Center Monthly.

ADAPTABILITY.

It cut me to the heart to have to take a brood of little chickens away from their mother, but the necessity was inexorable. The celebration of that mother's heroism and wisdom is the theme of this brief tribute. She did not give away to melancholy and despair; but instantly adopted a dozen squabs who had been removed from a crowded pigeon-cote into more commodious quarters. It was worth an admission fee to see her try to brood them and to watch their futile effort to extract food from her bill, according to their natural instincts and their previous habits. The old matron's astonishment knew no bound; but she stuck to her job and did her best.

And so did another old hen, on the farm of my friend. They set her the task of incubating a very considerable number of guinea hens' eggs, and she brought off an enormous hatch. Her brood of guinea chickens presented to this bewilder mother quite as many incomprehensible phenomena as she ever desires to see in one brief life. The rapidity of their movements, the piercing shrillness of their outcries, and above all, the impossibility of weaning them, utterly confounded her philosophy. She simply could not shake them off. They stuck to her like leeches. She ran, she flew, she hid in dark corners, but waited until starvation brought her out and once more attached themselves to her, like burrs. At last, the instinct of reproduction reasserted itself and she began to lay again. What was her embarrassment and despair to behold the entire assemblage standing around the nest in a wandering circle to see what NEW miracle the ingenious and adaptable old lady was going to work.

Adaptability! Ah it is in that single quality that the very highest genius lies. Adaptability to environments, to new, to strange, to difficult, to all but impossible conditions—this is the glory of manhoood as of these old and capable hens.

A few days ago we buried an old gentleman who had lost an enormous fortune and become penniless. A generous son-in-law and a devoted daughter took him and his wife into their home and there the two old saints settled down to dependence, without a murmur. From the time they crossed that threshold no human ear heard even the faintest syllable of regret. Not an allusion to the wealth, the luxury, the prominence and the power of the past fell from the lips of either. They took their appointed places by the fireside and at the table cheerfully, gratefully, gloriously.

Adaptation to environment, conformity to necessity, cheerful acceptance of inescapable conditions—these are the signs and seals of both greatness and goodness.—Sel.

A woman who lives in an apartment house changed her ice man not long ago, and the next day the youth who drove the team for the new man put the piece of ice on the dumb waiter to be hoisted up. She pulled away, "Heavens!" she exclaimed, "That new ice man certainly gives good weight." After much effort, she got the dumb waiter up to the kitchen level. To her surprise there was a small boy sitting upon the ice. "What in the world did you make me pull you up for?"

"Why, replied the youngster, "I thought may be the cake would be too heavy for you to lift, so I came up to help you ofi with it."—Annie L. Zimmerman.

Instruction is death, save as inspiration precedes and illumination follows.—Selected.

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Lv Raleigh	* 6 15am	* 4 25pm		‡ 6 00am
Lv Wilson	8 12am	6 22pm		7 57am
Lv Farmville	9 06am	7 16pm		8 49am
Lv Greenville	9 35am	7 45pm		9 17am
Lv Chocowinity	10 15am	8 25pm		9 57am
Lv Washington	10 30am	ar8 40pm		1 00pm
Lv Mackeys Ferry	12 30pm			5 00pm
Lv Edenton	2 00pm	† 7 45am	* 3 15pm	5 00pm
Ar Elizabeth City	3 00pm	8 55am	4 25pm	6 10pm
Ar Norfolk	4 25pm	10 40am	6 10pm	7 55pm
Lv Raleigh	* 6 15am	* 4 25pm		‡ 6 00am
Ar Chocowinity	10 15am	8 25pm		9 57am
Lv Chocowinity	10 59am		* 5 27pm	10 00am
Ar New Bern	12 10pm		6 40pm	11 10am
Lv Goldsboro		† 7 00am	† 4 20pm	
Lv Kinston		7 55am	5 20pm	
Ar New Bern		9 05am	6 35pm	
Lv New Bern		9 16am	6 45pm	11 15am
Ar Morehead City		10 43am	8 08pm	12 15pm
Ar Atlantic Hotel		10 50am	8 10pm	12 19pm
Ar Beaufort		11 05am	8 25pm	12 30pm

†Daily. *Daily, except Sunday. ‡Sunday only.

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